

THE DEACON'S ONE HOSS SHAY

BRIGHT LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS
TELL ALL ABOUT IT.Original Pen Pictures and Unique
Drawings of the Wonderful Ve-
hicle That Lasted One Hun-
dred Years to a Day.

At the opening of the Kansas City schools this year, Miss Elizabeth Buchanan, principal of the Woodland school, introduced in her department a method of teaching literature, drawing and essay writing combined. Each month a poet is selected and a part of each day is spent in the rooms, reading his poems and learning as much as possible about his private life. As soon as the pupils have finished reading the best poems, they are required to write essays, telling in prose what the poet wrote, in verse, and also to draw pictures, illustrating some of the scenes depicted. The system has proven most satisfactory in familiarizing the pupils with the works and characters of the poets. The pupils have become enthusiastic in illustrating their essays, and the drawings being entirely original in conception and execution.

Since the holidays the pupils have been studying the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and have become especially interested in the account given of his childhood. Here are a few of the products of the pupils, taken from nearly a thousand similar essays given Miss Buchanan by the teachers:

Grade III. Harry Schwartz.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS SHAY."

There was once a deacon who built a "one hoss shay." It was the finest in the city. And he wanted it to be strong, for he wanted it to wear out all at a time. He used this "shay" for his children and

grandchildren. This chaise was one hundred years old when a person bought it. One day, when he was riding in his wonderful "one hoss shay," and thinking of his Sunday text, his "shay" broke down. As for the person, he lit on a rock!

Grade III. Helen Mitchell.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS SHAY."

Once upon a time a deacon was going to have a chaise. A chaise is a "one hoss shay." It was made of the best wood, steel and buffalo skin. It ran a hundred years to a day. It was used by his children and his grandchildren. When it was a hundred years old it

became a person. When the person was making his Sunday text, all of a sudden it began wriggling, and the person found himself sitting on a rock. He got up and found the chaise all broken in pieces like it had been ground in the mill. I wonder how the person felt!

Grade III. Ethel Peck.

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Once upon a time a deacon was going to have a chaise. A chaise is a "one hoss shay." He sent for the best wood, the best steel and the best skin. He wanted one

part as good as another. His children used it, and his grandchildren. It ran for a hundred years and then belonged to a person. One day he was taking a drive and was thinking of his Sunday text, when, behold, the person was sitting on a rock and when he looked around the thing was smashed to pieces.

Grade III. Glenner Green.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE HOSS SHAY."

Once there was a deacon, and he was thinking of his Sunday text. He was going to have a chaise. At last it was finished, and the deacon looked at it with pride. At last it was a hundred years old

when he sold it to a person. One day when the person was going to take a drive in his "one hoss shay," there was something like a spool. I think, but I will leave you to guess what happened to the poor old person. This poem was written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Grade V. Horace Kearny.

HOLMES' EARLY LIFE.

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